Happy birds, in concert warking ing the same songs o'er my head
That they sang in other seasons—
Long years ere you were dead;
And the violets are blooming,
— And in the breezes wave,
With all their old-time loveliness,
Above your lowly grave,

The sun shines just as warmly,
The birds sing just as sweet—
But I mass the genile patter
Of your fairy little feet.
With my head bowed down in sadnes
I have sat beneath the brook,
Where so oftentimes, my darling,
We have played with line and hook.

The world has seemed a blank to me, My dear one, since the day I consigned you to the church-yard, So choseless, dark and gray; From the old spots where we rambled

The glamour has all flown; You are dwelling with bright angels-I am plodding on alone ! But when mem'ries crowd upon me, And tears steal to my eyes, I think full soon, my darling. That we'll meet beyond the skies; There, in His glorious presence, Where only Joy is given, We shall live and love again— Plass an endless suring in Heaven

Pass an endless Spring in Heaven ! THE HEROINE OF THE CURFEW. It lacked but half an hour of curfew toll. The old bell-ringer came from under the wattled roof of his cottage stoop, and stood with uncovered head in the clear, sweet scented air. He had grown blind and deaf in the service, out his old arm was as muscular as ever; and he who listened this day marked no faltering in the heavy, metallic throbs of the cathedral bell. Old Jasper had lived through many changes. He had tolled out his notes of mourning for Good Queen Bess; and with tears scarcely dry he had rung the glad tidings of the coronation of James. Charles the First had been crowned,

lovely scene or of the incense-freighted air.

The walls of his memory seemed so written over—so crossed and recrossed by the sanuals of the years that had gone before, that there seemed little room for anything in the present. Little recked he that Cromwell's spearsmen were camped on the moor beyond the village—that Cromwell himself rode

fought with the cruel curfew; and God gave her the victory.

The old bell-ringer said to himself, "Aye, Huldah, my work is done. The pulleys are getting too heavy for myold arm. My cars, too, have failed me at last. I diuna hear one stroke of the curfew. Dear old bell, it is my ears that have gone false and net thou the village—that Cromwell himself rode

were vacated with alacrity by the gentlemen editors, and offered him with demonstrations of uncommon politerness. Our chief, who regarded the Acadian gentleman as his special "sub," pointed out all the facilities of the office, and went so far as to present him with the editorial copy then in his hand, for composition. He even read over three times this editorial parameters are the victory.

The walls of his memory seemed so written over—so crossed and recrossed by the sental to himself, are the victory.

The walls of his memory seemed so written over—so crossed and recrossed by the sental to himself, are the victory.

The old bell-ringer said to himself, are valued editors, and offered him with demonstrations of uncommon politerness. Our chief, who regarded the hand of the demonstrations of uncommon politerness. Our chief, who regarded the hand emonstrations of uncommon politerness. Our chief, who regarded the hand emonstrations of uncommon politerness. Our chief, who regarded the hand emonstrations of uncommon politerness. Our chief, who regarded the hand emonstrations of uncommon politerness. Our chief, who regarded the hand emonstrations of uncommon politerness. Our chief, who reparded the most of the demonstrations of uncommon politerness. Our chief, who reparded the most of the demonstrations of uncommon politerness. O with his guardsmen but a league away; hung in the tower when William the Conqueror made curfew a law, had been spared by Puritan and Boundhead, and that his arm for sixty years had never

failed him at eventide He was moving with slow step toward the gate, when a woman came hurriedly in from the street and stood beside him; lovely woman, but with face so blanched that it seemed carved in the whitest of marble with all of its roundness and dimples. Her great solemn eyes were raised to the aged face in pitiul appeal, and the lips were forming words that he could not understand.

selves together, palm to palm. What, na ring curiew ! Ye must be

"Jasper, for sweet Heaven's sake, for my sake, for one night in all your long life forget to ring the bell! Fail Cromwell says shall die at curiew toll.

Do you hear?—my lover, brave Richard prisoner, and she heard the shouts of Temple. See, Jasper, here is money to make your old age happy. I sold my jewels that the Lady Maud gave me; and the gold shall all be yours for one

"Would ye bribe me, Lily De Vere?
Ye're a changeling. Ye've na the blood of the Plantagenets in ye're veins as your mother had. What! corrupt me, bell-ringer under Her Majesty, Good Queen Bess! Not for all the gold that Lady Maud could bring me! What is Lady Maud could bring me! What is your lover to me? Babes have been born, and strong men have died before now to the ringing of my bell. Awa',

And out on the village green, with the solemn shadows of the lindens lengthening over it a strong man awaited the curfew to toll for his death. He stood handsome, and brave, and tall-taller by an inch than the tallest pikeman who

What had he done that he should die? Little it mattered in those days, when the sword that the great Cromwell wielded was so prope to fall, what he or others had done. He had been scribe to the late Lord up at the castle; and Lady Maud, forgetting that man must woo, and woman must wait, had given her heart to him without the asking; while the gentle Lily De Vere, distant kinswoman, and poor companion to her, had, without seeking, found the treasures of his true love, and held them fast. Then he had joined the army, and evil passions were never stirred but by sign or symbol of Popery. But a scorned woman's hatred had reached him even there. Enemies and deep plots had compassed him about and

The beautiful world lay as a vivid Hood and his merry men had dwelt; the frowning castle with its drawbridge moor with the purple shadows upon it; the green, straight walks of the village; must raise and lower their prayer-book the birds overhead, even the daisies at his feet he saw. But, ah! more vividly than all, he saw the great red sun with its hazy veil lingering above the trees, as though it pitied him with more than They scarcely wink an eye or sigh with-

human pity!

He was a God-fearing and God-serving man. He had long ago made his peace with Heaven. Nothing stood between him and death—nothing rose pleading between him and those who were to destroy him, but the sweet face of Lily De Vere, whom he loved. She had knelt at Cromwell's feet and pleaded for his life. She had wearied Heaven with her prayers, but all without avail. Slowly now the great sun went down.
Slowly the last red rim was hid behind
the green wood. Thirty seconds more
and the curfew would ring. Thirty seconds more and his soul would be with his God. The color did not forsake his cheeks. The dark rings of hair lay on a warm brow. It was his purpose to die as martyrs and brave men die. What was life that he should cling to it? What was death that he should shrink from it? He almost felt the air pulsate with the first heavy roll of the death knell. But no sound came. Still fac-ing the soldiers with his clear, gray son banners in the west were paling to pink. The kine had ceased their lowng, and had been gathered into the rick

but old Jasper was silent.

The bell-ringer with his gray head yet bared had traversed half the dis-

and worm-eaten door that barred the way to the tower. She ascended with flying and frenzied feet the steps; her ness found the Republican prepared for heart lifted up to God for Richard's de-liverance from peril. The bats flew out Union had put the office in the most heart lifted up to God for Richard's deand shook the dust of centuries from scrupulously neat condition before they the black carvings. As she went up, said "farewell, and if forever" to the the black carvings. As she went up, she caught glimpses of the interior of she caught glimpses of the interior of the great building, with its groined roof, its chevrons and clustered columns, its pictured saint and carved except to take off their coats and as image of the Virgin, which the pillagers sume the composing stick. We felt a of all ages had spared to be dealt with just pride in this. There were Ameriby time, the most relentless Vandal cans prepared for any need. could write editorial and stick it, or

Up—still up—beyond the rainbow like the late Mr. Greeley, could stick it out of their own leads without writing out of their own leads without writing her death-white brow; up-still up-past open arcade and arch, with griffin gentlemen under the flaming gas, pick and gargoyle staring at her from under ing among the lower case and small bracket and cornice, with all the hideousness of medieval carving; the stairs, flight by flight, growing frailer beneath her young feet; but a slender fretwork between her and the outer world; but still no.

world; but still up.

Her breath was short and gasping.
She saw, through an open space, old
Jasper cross the road at the foot of the tower. Oh, how far! the seconds were to atoms Montezuma island yesterday, treasures which Cromwell, with all his and six barges burned!" This explosion blood-bought Commonwealth, could not of an island, and of the preceding day, purchase from her. Still up—ah— it was supposed, would be copied extenthere, just above her, with its great sively. Still the work did not go on as brazen mouth and wicked tongue, the rapidly as was desirable, and the sug-

A worm-eaten block for a step, and one small, white hand clasped itself above the clapper—the other prepared, at the first tremble, to rise and clasp it's mate, and the feet to swing off; Jasper mate, and the feet to swing off; Jasper and class it's mate, and the feet to swing off; Jasper and class it's mate, and the feet to swing off; Jasper and class it's contral organ, came to was old and slow—but he was sure, and publication of its central organ, cameto it came at last. A faint quiver, and the announce that he had secured the sertender young feet swing from their rest, and the tender lands clasped for more than their precious life, the writhing thing. There was groaning and creaking of the rade pulleys above, and then the strokes came heavy and strong.

Larger's lead had not lest its ground. Jasper's hand had not lost its cunning, staff, who had been bothered with the nor his arm its strength. The tender, soft form was swung and dashed to and the utmost deliberation, promptly laid Charles the First had been crowned, reigned, and expiated his weaknesses before all England in Jasper's time; and now he who under his army held all the Commonwealth in the hollow of his hand ruled as more than monarch, and still the old man with the habit of a long life upon him, rang his matin and curfew.

Jasper stood alone now, lifting his of the great ropes it crushed into the dark and shadowy type of the Gallice dimmed eyes up to the softly dappled bruised—but there in the solemn twi- race, and, having taken off his coat, ad sky, gathering but a faint sense of the lovely scene or of the incense-freighted light, the brave woman swung, and vanced to one of several cases which fought with the cruel curfew; and God were vacated with alacrity by the gen-

And just beyond the worn pavement graph to the gentleman from Acadia.

a shadowy form again went flitting past As ultimately corrected and published him. There were drops of blood upon it read as follows: the white garments, and the face was like the face of one who walked in her sieep; and the hands hung wounded and newerless at her side.

"We shall magnanimously forbear to assail our pugnacious antagonist the Pic., while it is down and unable for the moment to reand powerless at her side.

Cromwell paused with his horsemen under the dismantled Maypole before

the village green. He saw the man who was to die at sunset standing up in the dusky air, tall as a king and beautiful as Absalom. He gazed with knitted brow and angry eye, but his lips did not give utterance to the quick command that trembled on them, for a young girl came flying toward him. Pikemen "Speak up, lass. I am deaf, and can not hear your clatter."

The voice raised, and the hands clasped and unclasped, and wrung themselves together, palm to raim and archer stepped aside to let her pass. She threw herself upon the turf at his horse's feet; she lifted her bleeding and tortured hands to his gaze, and once more powered out his gaze, and once more poured out her prayer for the life of her lover; with trembling lips she told him why Richard still lived - why the curfew had never

peared thus : "our mogramury.

slowly perused this astonishing per

sion attracted the attention of all.

the adjustment of all difficulties be-

sounded. Lady Maud, looking out from her latticed window at the castle, saw the great Protector dismount, lift the fainting form in his arms and bear her to her joy at his deliverance; then she welcomed the night, that shut the scene out from her envious eyes, and sepultured her in its gloom.

At the next matin bell old Jasper

died; at curfew toll he was laid beside the wife who had died in his youth, but the memory of whom had been with

Horrors of English Prison Life. Mr. James Greenwood has published frightful account of the silent system which is in operation at the Holloway Model Prison in London. It is an of-fense for a prisoner to speak one word, whispers, so that he may be in prison two years without hearing the natural sound of the human voice. The effects of all this is so terrible on the mind that prisoners will speak out in desperation, at the risk of any punishment, The prisoners never see one another, but remain in perpetual solitude. One poor wretch, driven to desperation by nine months' solitude and silence, recklessly broke out in Mr. Greenwood's

The Power of Imagination. The influence of the mind on sensations especially is exceedingly great. Prof. Bennett, of Edinburgh, relates the case of a butcher who was once trypresence: "For God's sake, Governor, put me in another cell. Put me some-where else. I've counted the bricks in ing to hang a piece of meat on a hook. He found suddenly that he had susrequest of the tortured wretch was re-fused. There is a fine hole in each cell, the meat. His agony of pain, when he discovered it, was terrible, but an examination showed that the hook had and as the wardens wear shoes of Indiarubber soles, the prisoner can never be only passed through his sleeve, and had sure of being alone. Those condemned to the treadmill have to ascend 1,200 hardly touched the skin. The exalta-tion of the sen-es that we see, especially s'eps every alt mate twenty minutes for six hours. And this in a place so hot and close that prisoners often lose in in mesmerized persons, may go to a most wonderful extent. Indeed, the power of the sense of hearing especially is such that it would be dangerous, if you wanted to reach the truth about mesmerism, to talk, in a room adjoining plots had compassed him about and conquered him. To-night he was to die! can see no one save the chaplain, and the one in which was the mesmerized person, about that which the mesmer picture before him. The dark green wood above the rocky hill where Robin Hood and his menu, wen had dwalt. zed person was to find. The mesmerized, person would have a good chance lest for a single instant they, through the frowning castle with its drawbridge and square towers; the long stretch of the rigid rule of "eyes right." They

An Old Use for Hammers.

of hearing what you say. All the senses indeed are exceedingly delicate then.—

Dr. Brown-Sequard. with the elbows squared, and all at Of the late Charles Sumper's family once, like soldiers at drill. They may the Boston Journal gives these facts: 'Senator Sumner was the son of Sheriff Charles P. Sumner, a well-known and respected citizen. He had two sisters, out danger of rebuke or punishment. God help them, poor wretches. Mary and Julia, and three brothers, Albert, Henry and George. The only survivors of these brothers and sisters Sir Henry Thompson, the great English doctor, has another long argument in the Contemporary Review in favor of the incremation of the dead. After demonstrating the sanitary necessity of such a measure in all great cities, Sir Henry gives the following as a programme for the funeral ceremonies: "When death occurs and the necessary certificate has been given, the body is certificate has been given, the body is placed in a light wood shell, then in suitable outside receptacle, preparatory to removal for religious rites or other-

wise. After a proper time has clapsed it is conveyed to the spot where crema tion is to be performed. There nothing need be seen by the last attendant or attendants than the placing of the shell tween the parties by Judge Colt, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. within a small compartment and the closing of the door upon it. It slides Mr. Rosenthal, the celebrated French closing of the door upon it. It slides down into the heated chamber, and is left there an hour, till the necessary changes have taken place. The ashes are then placed at the disposal of the down into the heated chamber, and is left there are then placed at the placed at the Palais Royal twenty-seven are then placed at the are then placed at the disposal of the attendants." The communal councils of Vienna and Gratz have adopted a proposal to establish in their cemeteries the necessary apparatus for cremation, "the use of which will be optional and county of the use of which will be option each of his antagonists had time to study his game while Mr. Rosenthal was open to all."

An Old Use for Hammers.

An Old Use for Hammers.

I remember, says a correspondent of the Medical and Surgical Journal, they have goed with a halo.

"Ah Huldah, Huldah!" the old arm muttered; "how swift she flies! I will come soon, dear. My work is almost done." Huldah was the good write, who had gone from him in early womanhood, and for whom he had mourned all his long life. But the fleeing form was the united by a sudden and desperate purpose toward the old cathedral.

"So help me God, curfew shall no." So help me God, curfew shall no. She entered the ruined arch. She wrenched from its fastenings the carved.

"She entered the ruined arch. She wrenched from its fastenings the carved."

An Old Use for Hammers.

I remember, says a correspondent of the Medical and Surgical Journal, the Medical and Surgical Journal, the Medical and Surgical Journal, the she western lights touched at the low western lights touched and time the she western lights touched and time the low setting around it, and hair that the low severy one love the Medical and Surgical Journal, the low severy polical for the Medical and Surgical Journal, the low severy polical for the Medical and Surgical Journal, the low severy polical for the Medical and Surgical Journal, the low severy polical for the Medical and Surgical Journal, the low severy polical for the Medical and Surgical Journal, the low severy polical for the Medical and Surgical Journal, the Medical and

LOCOMOTIVE steam carriages on rail

ways were first introduced at Liverpool October, 1829. CITIES in England in the 12th century were inconsiderable. They were first incorporated in 1709.

Music was first reduced to rules by Jubal, 1800 B. C. The flute was invented by Hyagnis, 1506. THE office of Master of the Cer

monies for the reception of persons at court was introduced in England in THE small island of Monte Cristo is situated in the Mediterranean. It consider the many control of the man tains the rulus of a fortress and con- For bettin', racin' and drinkin' are the fees of our

ains also an abbey. rafts or beams tied together, till the use of shipping was made known to them by Danaus of Egypt.

we snatt come to a nation of gamblers, if matters keep on this way; what do yo think? a youngster accused me of bettin' to-day; when I laid my hand on his head—that hadn't seen of the company of the company

THE first steamboat was that invented by Fulton, called "The North River," which made her first passage from New York to Albany in 1807. Ar the surrender of Gen. Burgoyn to Gen. Gates, in the war of the Revolution, 5,791 men laid down their arms.

t occurred at Saratoga Oct. 17, 1777.

THE first Protestant Bishop in the United States was the Right Rev. Dr. Samuel Seabury, 1784. The first Catholie Bishop was Dr. Carroll, of Mary-land, 1789. THE first daily newspaper ever pub

lished in the English language was issued in London, March 11, 1702—one hundred and seventy-two years ago. It was called the Courant, and was about the size of half a sheet of foolscap, printed only on one side, and contained editorials, locals, court news, political matter, advertisements, or English in-telligence of any kind."

Desperate Valor of the Ashantees. A correspondent writes from the "The Ashantees fought like demons. They were present in enormous numbers, pouring on our gallant troupes by thousands, yelling and screaming hideously. Although our firing told on them immensely, they had to be driven from point to point, and even when pushed out of the successive villages, returned to the attack. In the thickest parts of the brush they climbed the trees in order to fire more effectually upon our troops. The order of advance from Insarful was as follows: The attack was made in the form of a square, through the middle of which ran the main road, and the line extended about 300 yards on either side. The 42d regiment, preceded by Lord Gifford and his scouts, formed the front line, with two of Ralt's guns in the center, Gordon's Houssas in a dense corner of jungle. It really seemed as if nothing but the failure of their ammunition would drive them out. Now at one point, now at another, along the hill

crest they poured down crushing vol-leys. Life they counted at no price if only a white man could be killed. It was the same desperate obstinacy we had seen at Abrakrampa. They climbed trees to fire with more deadly effect, but sist. When, however, like the great original, it shall have got its wind again, we will fight "an hour by Shrewsbury clock." Till then we repress our martial ardor, but heartily hope our fractious contemporary may soon be in fighting trim again."

As it came to the galley, after the the mass just lay down and shot till shot themselves or short of ammuni-tion. Sir Archibald Alison, Brigadier manipulations of him of Acadia, it apof the white troops, declared he never

"We shall magnanimously forbear to assail our pograine and a great the Pic., while it is down and unable for the moment to noist. When honorable its great original it should have got its wind again, we will projest an hour by the shreaubery loole. Well then we repren our war bal and or, but heartily hope our practism colum for any may torn be in fighting trim alure."

The countenance of our chief as he slowly perused this astonishing perver. same kind. They are, at any rate, measurable effects which are unequal commenced whistling in a low tone a fragment of one of Dr. Watts' best hymns, intended for the prevention of profanity. Turning to his first assistant foreman he remarked: "This felant foreman, he remarked : "This fellow has been snaked in by the Union; in which there is nothing extraordinary or impossible, as Nobert, the German optician, is in the habit of ruling his and turning, remarked to his expectant sub: "Cut." That was all he said, but the gentleman from Acadia either suspected his rates would be cut still lower, or had been so much in the habit of being turned out of printing offices, that without a word of explanation, or a demand that his work should be measured from the hook, he put on his long and flowing robes and departed. Our chief resumed his inspection of type without another word, and there was no 000,000,000,000 beats upon the retina each second, the statement baffles all imagination; we may accept, but canmore hilarity in that office. Each man felt that his hour had come, and bent himself silently to the task. Ere the cock had crowed thrice the Daily Renot understand, it. In the attempt to penetrate the nature of light we are lost in the mysteries of the infinite. Yet the modes of its action have been determined, and they furnish the most splendid example we know of the inflexibleness and exactitude of what are called the laws of nature.—Popular Science Monthly. publican was in the hands of the pressman, and in a short time thereafter the fancy compositors were awakened to breakfast. We proudly cite the two

numbers as a specimen of independent journalism, which was much relieved by A Big Farm. tween proprietors and printers.—New Orleans Republican. It is said that a firm named Miller & Lux, in the southern part of California, own forty miles of land on the west side of the San Joaquin, Miller having in addition half a million acres. He is building fence around his land at the rate of 100 miles per year, and hopes, it is said, at some future day, to have his own land extend from Los Angeles to the Sacramento. He may, possibly, determine to buy out the whole State, mines and all. This man is evidently a much larger farmer than Jacob Strawn, of Illinois, who died a few years ago, and who had a 40,000-acre farm .- Wis-

Fortune favors the brave. The rumor of Henri Rochefort's escape from the penal settlements in New Caledonia is confirmed. A Melbourne dispatch to the Lendon Daily Telegraph gives some particulars of the affair. Rochefort, Pascal Grousset, and two other Communist convicts, managed to secure a small open boat, in which they boldly put out to sea. After being three days out the adventurers were fortunately picked up by a British sailing vessel and brought to an Australian port. It is said that Rochefort intends to visit this country on a lecturing tour, and then take up his residence in Brussels.

A Comparison. An exchange says: "Compare the publisher of a newspaper, who has to go survivors of these brothers and sisters is Julia, now Mrs. Dr. Hastings, a resident of California. Two of the brothers were lost at sea; one at the same time that Margaret Fuller Orsoli met her fate. George died in a hospital from softening of the brain. On the 17th of October, 1866, the Senator married Mrs. Alice Hooper, widow of William Sturgis Hooper, who was a son of Samuel Hooper. Mrs. Hooper was a daughter of Jonathan Mason. The marriage ceremony was performed by the late Bishop Eastburn. On the 10th of May, 1873, a divorce was decreed between the parties by Judge Colt, of the

Pleasant is the rumor that comes from Italy concerning the cause of the death of Donati, the great astronomer. It is alleged that his death was occasioned by the discovery that the earth is approaching the sun with such terrific rapidity that in the course of the next ten years our helpless planet will be drawn into the sun and shriveled to nothingness. This will be discouraging news to the insurance companies. Such a disaster is about the only thing that

In Holland, quinine has recently been administered with great effect in cases

THE OLD MAN AT THE FAIR.

I'm very dusty and tired, wife! I've just come home

I knew her girl was sick, and I hoped from the fair:
So give me my pipe and tobacco, and I'll smoke in
my easy chair;
It's a tiresome work a-playin' for feeble old men
she might have some work to be done.
I went to her and told her my story,
and she set me at work at once doing

Our fairs are a runnin' down; they are not like the fairs of old.

Where you took the prizes for bread, and butter as yellow as gold;
There were hundreds of useful things that were well worth seein' then,
Now, dozens of racing horses, and hundreds of bettin' men.

What—you been out washing for our butcher's wife?" said Peter, looking very much surprised.

"Of course I have, and have thereby earned enough to keep us in food to-morrow, at any rate: so to morrow. what all this sportin' will lead to is more than I may come home to dinner."

"But how about the rent?"

We shall come to a nation of gamblers, if matters

Tut! tut! little man," said I, "that thing I have | rer t, he would let it rest." "Then we've got a roof to cover us, and food for to-morrow. But what now you, my son."

He straightened up in his clothes and said, with a look so queer,
"I didn't come here for preachin'; old man, walk off on your ear!"

"Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not starve. I've got work enough en-

young ; My father and mother—bless 'em—put a bridle upon my tongue.
I'm old, and I'm gettin' blind, but a difference I can carry small packages, baskets, bundles, and so forth, to his rich customers. How is it about the girls? They, too, from the path

Why en earth don't they change the name when the why en earth aon't thas got?

wrong name it has got?

No longer call it a fair, but an agricultural trot;
Then men won't be takin' things for sensible folks to see,
With nobody there to see 'em but crippled old men
like me,

evening chime,

For I may go back in my dreams to the fairs of
olden time.

"It's no use, Maria, I've tried every-"But you are not going to give it up, Peter?" Within four days I have been to every book-bindery in the city, and not a bit of work can I get." "But have you tried anything else?"
"What else can I try?" "Why, anything that you can do."

and offered to help them if they would "And what did you mean to "I offered either to post their ac counts, make out bills, or attend to the counter. Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband

"Yes, I've tried other things. I have

een to more than a dozen of my friends

thus spoke.
"What makes you smile?" he asked, "To think you should have imagined nat you would find work in such a place. But how is Mark Loods 9 "He is worse off than I am." "How so ?"

"He has nothing in his house A shudder crept over his wife's frame ow. "Why do you tremble, wife?"

"Because when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow morning, we shall have nothing."
"What?" cried Peter Stanwood, half starting from his chair. "Do you mean "I do."

"But our flour ?" "All is gone. I baked the last this afternoon. "But we have pork?" "You ate the last this noon."

"Then we must starve!" groaned worn and rusty.
e stricken man, starting across the "How goes it?" asked Peter the stricken man, starting across the Peter Stanwood was a book-binder by trade, and had been out of employment about a month. He was one of those do?" who generally calculated to keep about square with the world, and who consider square with the world, and who consider themselves particularly fortunate if they keep out of debt. He was now thirty years of age, and had three children to provide for, besides himself and wife, and this, together with house rent, was a heavy draught upon his purse, even when work was plenty, but now—there

the social scale, as he had once or twice expressed it. However, she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and she let the matter pass.

On the following morning, the last bit of food in the boursers. of food in the house was put on the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food. For years he had been gay, thoughtless and fortunate, making the most of the present, forgetting the past, and leaving the future to take care of itself.

Yet the truth was naked and clear; and when he left the house, he said, "Something must be done."

No sooner had her husband gone, than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her oldest child was a girl eleven years old, and her youngest four. She asked her next door neigh-bor if she would take care of her children until noon. These children were known to be good and quiet, and they were taken cheerfully. Then Mrs. Stanwood locked up her house and went away. She returned at noon bringing some dinner for her children, and then she went away again. She came home in the evening before her

husband, carrying a heavy basket upon her arm.
"Well, Peter," she asked, after her husband had entered and sat down, "what luck?" "what luck?"
"Nothing! nothing!" he groaned.
"I made out to get a dinner from an old chum, but I could not find work."

"O—everywhere. I've been to a hundred places, but it's the same story in every place—it's nothing but one eternal no—no—no! I'm sick and tired

His marriage was the most incompre hensible thing he ever did throughout his long and useful life. Mrs. Hooper was a very beautiful, brilliant and greatly admired woman, who moved in the choicest Boston circles. Her position

It's a threadne work a seein' where everyone wishes to see.

The see in the me; the me is the me could not have been augmented by becoming Mrs. Sumner, although her ambition might have been gratified, and she certainly forfeited her fortune. She was used to homage from men; her husband was accustomed to reverence from every one. She found him an ab-

> offered him my watch as a pledge for the payment of our rent within two months, with the interest on arrearages up to that date. I told him I did the "So he's got your gold watch?"
> "No—he wouldn't take it. He said

ten years yet—
And called him a fine little fellow—he answered me
back, "You bet!" if I would become responsible for the "Then we've got a roof to cover us,

We never heard talk like that when you and I were gaged to keep us alive."

"Ah—what is that?" "Why, Mr. Snow has engaged me to

He had to give up one of his horses. "What do you mean, Maria?" "Just what I say. When Mr. Sno have strayed;
didn't see one a showin' the but'er her hands had made;
came home to dinner, I was there and asked him if he ever had light articles asked him if he ever had light articles which he wished to send around to his rich customers. Never mind all that he said. He did happen to want just such work done, though he had meant to women engaged in it, and of practical women engaged in it. work done, though he had meant to call upon the idlers that lounge about the market. He promised to give me all the work he could, and I'm to be there in good season in the morning."

Well, this is a protty could at the women are weary in their "Well, this is a protty could be able to appear a matter of absorbing importance to the women engaged in it, and of practical interest to the men whose business it so materially affects. There is no evidence that the women are weary in their "Well, this is a protty could be appear a matter of absorbing importance to the women engaged in it, and of practical interest to the men whose business it so materially affects. there in good season in the morning."
"Well, this is a pretty go. My wife turned butcher's boy! You will not do turned butcher's boy! You will not do turned butcher's boy! You will not do to saloons closed has increased from day to day until it now exceeds a thousand, and we

"And why not?" the women after fairly beginning battle have fled the field. Their faith is of "Because-because-" "Say because it will lower me in the social scale.

"Well, so it will." There, take my pipe and tobacco! I'll sleep in my easy chair;
It's tiresome work a talkin' about a degenerate and starve, and see one's children starve, "Then it is more honorable to lie still enemy whether he be strongly intronched in 3,000 grog-shops as in Cintoo, than to earn honest bread by honest work. I tell you, Peter, if you cannot find work, I must. We should have been without bread to-night, had I not perior numbers in opposition serves only to call for more thorough organization found work to-day. You know that all kinds of light, agreeable business are seized upon by those who have particular friends, and engaged in them. At such a time as this, it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do, "Give it up! How can I help it? so long as it is honest. Oh, give me the liberty of living upon my own deserts, and the independence to be governed by my own convictions of right."

yet the women keep on with a patience which enlists the sympathy of the most careless spectator and assures the ha-rassed liquor-dealer that, though the day "But my wife, only think-you carrying out butcher's stuff. Why, would sooner go and do it myself." "If you will go," said the wife with a smile, "I will stay at home and take of his capitulation may be distant, it must inevitably come.—New York Tribcare of the children. It was hard for Peter Stanwood, but the more he thought upon the matter, the more he saw the justice and right of the path into which his wife had led him. Before he went to bed he prom-

ised that he would go to the butcher's in the morning.

And Peter Stanwood went upon new business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then sent him off with two baskets, one to a Mrs. Smith's and the other to a Mrs. Smith's and the new carrier worked all day, and when it came night he had ninety-seven cents. It had been a day of trials, but no one sneered at him, and all his acquaintances whom he met greeted him the same as usual. He was far happier now than he was the day before, for now he was inde-

going to a dentist is often quite enough to make a toothache disappear. I have " Have you tried?" seen patients come to me with a terrible

"Everywhere; but it's no use. I have pawned all my clothes save those I have on. I've been to the bindery today, and what do you suppose he offered me?"
"What was it?"

and this, together with house rent, was a heavy draught upon his purse, even when work was plenty, but now—there was nothing.

"Maria," said he, stopping and gazing his wife in the face, "we must starve. I have not a single penny in the world."

"But do not despair, Peter. Try again to-morrow for work. You may find something to do. Anything that is honest is honorable. Should you make but a shilling a day, we should not starve."

"But our house rent?"

"Trust to me for that. The landlord shall rot turn us out. If you will engage to find something to do, I will see that we have he house-room."

"C'Il make one more trial," uttered Peter, despairingly.

"But you must go prepared to do anything."

"But you must go prepared to do anything."

"Anything reasonable, Maria."

"Anything decent."

"Anything reasonable, Maria."

"Anythin

" A what !" "You see I've brought provisions for you. I'm a regular butcher's boy."
"And how long have you been at work thus?"
"This is the tenth day."

ner in April Atlantic. "Bat don't it come hard?" "Nothing comes hard as long as it A clerk in a book store in Louisville, where lottery tickets were sold, laid is honest and will furnish my family with bread." "And how much can you make a day A short time ago the proprietor of the store received a letter from one Perkins,

at this?"
"Sometimes a dollar, and sometimes "Sometimes a dollar, and sometimes not over fifty cents."

"Well, look here, Stanwood, there have been no less than a dozen of my old hands hanging around my countingroom for a fortnight, whining for work. They are stout, able men, and yet they lie still because I have no work for them. Last Saturday I took nity on them. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offered him the job of doing my hand-carting. I told him that would give him a dollar and a quarter day; but he turned up his nose, and asked me not to insult him! And yet he owned that his family was suffering. But do you come to my place to-morrow morning, and you shall have something to do if its only to hold your bench. I honor you for your manly indepen-

Peter grasped the old man's hand with a joyous, grateful grip, and blessed him fervently.

That night he gave Mr. Snow notice a bank vault. The young man has just discovered that the whole thing was a heax, played upon him by acquaintances, and, what is worse, has found out that he must quit, and on the following morning he went to the bindery. For two days he had little to do, but on the third day a heavy job came in, and Peter Stanwood had steady work. He that 3,307 drew nothing but a blank in the "grand scheme," was happy—more happy than ever, for he had learned two things: first, what a noble wife he had; and second, how much resource for good he held within

Sumner's Marriage

have suffered? His death, so immedi-

ately following his wife's application

for permission to marry again, is, by some, thought to be the effect of learn-

ing the above news, his physicians

prophesying that any sudden excitement would prove fatal. Be that as it may,

I pity her the remorseful feelings she

The Temperance Movement.

look in vain for an instance in which

the kind that is said to remove moun-

tains. It hesitates not to attack the

cinnati, or supported by an angry rab-ble as in Cleveland. An array of su-

and greater perseverance on the part of

a praying band to weeks of more earn est and devoted prayer and labor. But

a speedy victory does not seem necessary to keep the fire of faith aglow

Weeks may pass without a surrender

in vain, and it was only on the return

home that this specimen Cape Breton driver began to reflect how he could

erase the welts from the horse's back be-

fore his father saw them .- C. D. War

living in an interior town, stating that

agton Letter.

Bustin' Music. Our neighbor Chubb has not much of an ear for music, but he spent a con-siderable sum in having his daughter taught how to hammer a piano, and he is proud of her accomplishments. He was talking with us over the fence the other day when a series of dreadful sounds came from his piano through the open parlor window. Presently Chubb remarked: "D'you hear that, Adeler? Just listen to that, will you? That's what I call music." Then there was a few additional bangs on the instrument, a flourish or two,

sorbed man, only going into society for the etiquette of the thing. She was devoted to gay life, and drew around her a crowd of worshipers. When the and then more cordant thumping. 'Mary Jane's bustin' the music right Senator, weary from his duties at the out of that machine, you observe. Them's the Strauss waltzes, I believe, Capitol, would at an early hour be ready to order the carriage, the madame was in the zenith of her enjoyments, and I she's raslin' with now. Just listen."
We remarked that from the energy have been told of several remarks she was wont to make to him before people, stinging to his self-love and mortifydisplayed, Mary Jane at least seemed to be really in earnest. But whether she was treating Mr. Strauss exactly stinging to his self-love and mortifying to his pride. She is accredited with a high temper, over which she exercised not the slightest control. We cannot penetrate the causes which led to the estrangement, for Mr. Sumner never right was an open question. "I don't know nothin' about music mentioned the matter after the separa-tion, but who can tell what he may not

Adeler," observed Chubb, "but I kin tell the real thing when I hear it, and I it makes me cry like a child."

We asserted that if she piayed those compositions as she was doing now, it would make anybody cry. A deaf mute would shed tears.

about the size of a hazel-nnt, and a piece of lump sugar, the same size, into a quart of cold spring water, and stand near the fire to dissolve; then saturate a little lint with the mixture; bathe the eyes several times a device of lump sugar, the same size, into a quart of cold spring water, and stand near the fire to dissolve; then saturate a little lint with the mixture; bathe the would shed tears.
"Listen to that now, will you?" ex-

claimed Chubb, as a wild tumult of

sound came from the parlor. Isn't that splendid? If I didn't know it was Mary probably mistress of to-day .- Wash-Jane a-tearing' around among them waltzes, I'd think it was one of them fellers who play at the concerts. Let's go over and hear her." The temperance crusade is no long-er the sensation of the day in the news-We entered the house and sought the We entered the house and sought the parlor. Mary Jane was nowhere to be seen, but to the infinite disgust of Chubb there was a red-haired man, with a fist the was a red-haired man, with a fist and the first part of the save, the water and a clean old linen cloth is useful to remove any specks the linen may acquire before or while being ironed. as big as a loaf of bread, tuning the piano. Chubb asked us not tell anyoody, and we won't. It is related here

confidence, and it must go no farther. - Max Adeler. How Frank Pierce Got the News of His

How Frank Pierce Got the News of His Nomination.

Sitting, one night, in the Tremont House with the late Col. Barnes, he said to me: "That was a queer thing about the nomination of Frank." "Frank who?" I said. "Why, Frank Pierce Gen Pierce You see we in they choose to visit that frigid native they choose to Visit that they choose they can be come something like \$200,000 a year. They are to have at least two magnificent residences in England—one, Clarence House, in town, and another, not, I believe, fully decided on yet, in the country. Besides, they will have two establishments at St. Petersburg, when they choose they can be come to have at least two magnificent residences in England—one, Clarence House, in town, and another, not, I believe, fully decided on yet, in the country. Besides, they will have two establishments at St. Petersburg, when they choose the country is the country of the country Frank who?" I said. "Why, Frank
Pierce—Gen. Pierce. You see we in
tended to run Frank for the Vice-Presidency. We thought the South would
concede that office to the North, and we
pitched upon the General. He was very
social in his habits, but very quiet. He
spent his evenings with a set of good
fellows, and the fact is he drauk a good
deal though it was not generally known.

they choose to visit that frigid native
climate of the Duchess Marie. This
is leaving out of account the freedom
they will be able to make of Windsor
and Balmoral and Marlborough House
and Sandringham, the residences of Alfred's royal mother and brother. And
what, then, will be their life? One or twoladeal though it was not generally known. deal, though it was not generally known.

The morning of the nomination, it was agreed between Frank and myself that he should spend the day in Mount Auburn, no one but myself knowing where his place of resort was. He was very nervous and greatly agitated. I agreed to drive out in the afternoon and tell him how things looked. When the news of the General's nomination came on, men rushed into the Tremont House by hundreds. They knew my intimacy with the General. But I kept my own counsil. I drove out to Mount Auburn. It was a long time before I could find Dr. Brown Squeard, the eminent surgeon, in a lecture delivered in New York the other day said: "The cure of any illness which does not consist in graves of the Webster family. As soon graves of the Webster family. As soon graves of the Webster family. As soon graves of the Webster family. v by good service.

a disorganization of the tissues can as I saw him, I shouted, 'By-, Frank, often be accomplished when the person you have got it.' 'Got what?' 'Got the icating liquors during the canvass, nor, if elected, during the Presidential term. the idea that they are to be cured they would often be cured, especially if we could name a time for it, which is a That vow those who knew him best great element in success. I have succeeded sometimes, and I may say that I

great element in success. I have succeeded sometimes, and I may say that I could r; and thus he continued to work of dollar; and thus he continued to work of the ease I have myself the faith that I can in giving faith obtain a cure. I wish, indeed, that physicians who are younger pocket, besides having paid for all the food for his family, save some few pieces of meat Snow had given them. Saturday evening he met another binder, who had been discharged from work with himself. Leeds looked careworn and rusty.

"How goes it?" asked Peter.

"Don'task me," groaned Mark, "My family are half starved."

"But can't you find anything to do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing."

"Set element in success. I may say that I conceded sometimes, and I may say that I conceded sometimes, and I may say that I conceded sometimes, and I may say that I can't was ucceed more now than formerly, because I have myself the faith that I can in giving faith obtain a cure. I wish, indeed, that physicians who are younger men than myself, and who will have a tree of 5,000,000 gallons of distilled liquors and 9,000,000 barrels of them the bequested the other day, said:

There are 65,000,000 gallons of distilled liquors and 9,000,000 barrels of them, as it is particularly, though not only, in those cases in which there is a function in giving faith obtain a cure. I wish, in deed, that physicians who are younger men than myself, and who will have the bedieved the other day, said:

There are 65,000,000 gallons of distilled liquors and 9,000,000 for farmented liquors drunk annually in this country. There are 250,000 dram shops to them, each paying for his share at the tree of the faith that I can in giving faith obtain a cure. I wish, in a sermon delivered the other day, said:

There are 65,000,000 gallons of distilled liquors drunk annually in this country. There are 250,000 dram shops to the faith of the promoted them, each paying for his share at the tree of the faith that I can in giving faith obtain a cure. I wish, a sermon delivered the other day, said: missionary enterprises put together. Besides this, the rum traffic costs the

country 500,000 able-bodied men, taken from useful occupations, the grain and fruit taken from their legitimate uses. Add to this the cost of courts, of jails

Buffalo Hunting.

The various modes of hunting the buffalo may not prove uninteresting.
Although horseback hunting is the usual method, they are pursued successfully on foot. The buffalo lives near springs or streams, grazing from one to ten miles from vater. The one to ten miles from water. The bunter who "still-hunts" conceals him-self near a spring. About 11 o'clock a. m. the buffalo are seen coming towater. They always go in file and follow a They always go in file and follow a path. When near enough the hunter selects his victim, and, aiming at a point just back of the fore leg, fires. If one is brought down, he waits until others get a smell of the blood, then three or four can be killed before the rest really know what to do. The foot hunter follows a herd, keeping out of sight by hugging ravines, and running at his best speed when an opportunity offers, so as to get within range. He may get a shot after chasing them for hours, and Greathead made public his remedy, so as to get within range. He may get a shot after chasing them for hours, and he may not. If the hunter is not successful, he can console himself with the thought that the exercise is healthy. To horseback hunting belongs the mose excitement. The hunters generally got in squads, and first separate the herd and then shoot down the stragglers.

he had dreamed that 3,307 would draw the capital prize, and requesting said proprietor to purchase that ticket for him if it was to be had. The clerk stated that this was the identical ticket he had selected for himself, and thereupon pulled out his money and paid for it. He then wrote to Perkins that he could have the ticket for \$600. Strange, being transferred to the transfer train. it. He then wrote to Perkins that he could have the ticket for \$600. Strange to say, the return mail brought an acceptance of the offer and a request that the ticket be at once forwarded to Perkins. This so excited the clerk that he backed square out, and declared he would not sell it for less than \$1,000. He was soon astounded at the receipt of another letter agreeing to the terms and demanding the ticket. This so worked upon the nervous clerk that he refused point blank to sell it at any price, and for fear that the priceless ticket might get lost, he locked it up in a bank vault. The young man has just discovered that the whole thing was a cussion caps and a number of flat-irons in the trunk, and that combination of

articles caused the explosion. The trunk belonged to a poor woman, a that 3,307 drew nothing but a blank in the "grand scheme,"

A Remarkable Young Man.

The son of Mr. George Jones, principal owner of the New York Times, is a very remarkable young man. Although the offspring of rich parents, he though the offspring of rich parents, he

Useful Hints for the Home Circle PAROXYSMS of coughing may be prevented or cured by swallowing a little

dry salt. Chromos can be mounted on cardboard, glass or canvas. Where they do not exceed a foot square, it is usual to mount them on cardboard or glass. If over that size, on canvas.

As a substitute for cream beat two eggs, one ounce of sugar, and a small piece of butter, with a pint of warm milk; then put it into hot water and stir it one way, until it acquires the con-

Worms in flower-pots may be destroyed by using common lime water, made by slaking lime in water. The solution must be weak; an ordinarysized lump of lime will be sufficient for six gallons of water. To prevent pitting from small-pox procure a camel's-hair brush, dip it in

some glycerine, and paint the face with it; the time for application is about the seventh day, when the lotion, preventing the formation of matter, saves the skin from being marked.

For weak eyes, put a piece of alum about the size of a hazel-nut, and a lint immediately after using, as it must not be put into the lotion a second time.

LINEN that is placed, immediately after being ironed, sear the stove or in the hot sun, is stiffer when dry than if it is permitted to dry slowly. It is a good plan to lay collars and small ar-ticles on a waiter and set them on a kettle or other support on the stove, till

A London correspondent writes:
"The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have been endowed with an income something like \$200,000 a year. chez eux, and the royal boxes at theaters and opera and the best places on the grand stand of the turf will be at their

Avoiding a Middleman. A lodge of our grange friends in Clayton county had need of a barrel of purposes, and were rightfully determined to avoid the monopoly prices of middlemen in purchasing. So a committee was delegated to come to Dubuque and purchase it of one of our wholesale houses, which they did on members of the grange repaired with their stone jugs to the house of the head Granger, where the barrel was stored, and the liquor was distributed among

The Home of the Communists. New Caledonia, the penal colony of France, from which Henri Rochefort and Pascal Grousset have escaped, is Add to this the cost of courts, of jails and asylums, the support of 800,000 drunken paupers and their children, and you have a sum total which makes the devil chuckle on his hellish throne. Two-thirds of the crime, one-third of the idiocy and lunacy, and three-quarters of the poverty are caused by this traffic. This is the evil against which men fight and women pray. Do you wonder that men become fanatical, that women leave the retirement of home and kneel in the mud and rain before the rumseller's door? Do you wonder that God is moved out of the usual majesty of His dealings in view of this gigantic evil? an island in the South Pacifi ers are turned at large, first being cau-tioned as to the manner of their be-havior. Rochefort and his companion

A remedy for diphtheria has been brought promin ntly before the public in Victoria, Australia, by Mr. R. Greathead. In the first instance Mr. Greathead offered to communicate to the Government of the Government

The flight of riches and the folly of those who lavish money wastefully were never better illustrated than in the case of the late Legrand Lockwood's splen-did marble palace at Norwalk, Conn. of the late Legrand Lockwood's splendid marble palace at Norwalk, Conn. There are forty acres of finely-ornamented grounds, in the center of which is a stately structure costing \$2,000,000. On the premises are three other handsome buildings, porter's lodge, conservatories, stables, and so on. The house is resplendent with polished marbles, frescoes, inlaid woodwork of the most costly kind. doors which cost \$2,000 costly kind, doors which cost \$2,000 each; a billiard-room on which \$10,000 were expended; and there are forty-nine rooms thus gorgeously decorated, no two of which are alike. It is estimated that between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 of cash were sunk in this monument of extravagance, and yet the entire estab-lishment is now on the market for less then \$350,000.—New York Mail.

What Manufacturing Does. much resource for good he held within his own energies.

Our simple picture has two points to its moral. One is—no man can be lowered by any kind of honest labor. The second—while we are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future; for no man is so secure but that the day may come when he will want the squanderings of the past.

The annual international football match between England and Scotland earne of recently at Kennington Oval, in the presence of some 4,000 spectators. The match was won by the Englishmen.

The soll of art. George once, prints, is a very remarkable young man. Although the offspring of rich parents, he are very remarkable young man. Although the offspring of rich parents, he second—while we are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future; for no man is so secure but that the day may come when he will want the squanderings of the past.

The annual international football match between England and Scotland earne of recently at Kennington Oval, in the presence of some 4,000 spectators. The match was won by the Englishmen.

The solic of the Wey York Times, is a very remarkable young man. Although the offspring of rich parents, he the age of 18, after a thorough the lowest the lowest the lowest round climb it without aid. He donned a blue blouse and joined the roughest mechanics in the Morgan Iron Works, where he worked steadily for three years and a half. Step by step he advanced from pilerand the manufactured good action, I have just had my life insured, the consciousness of having done a good action, I have just had my life insured, the consciousness of having done a good action, I have just had my life insured, the consciousness of having done a good action, I have just had my life insured, the consciousness of having done a good action, I have just had my life insured, the consciousness of having done a good action, I have just had my life insured, the consciousness of having done a good action, I have just had my life insured, the co There is many a city and town that will appreciate the following: One manufactory employing a hundred men will support an additional five hundred people. These hundred families will disburse annually, on the average, \$750,

| was ness amid the cunning little curls.

men, and the value of the remed still a matter of doubt among layn